

# OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.



## CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

She left an icy kiss on his lips and vanished, Ralph awoke with a start. It was all so real it was very difficult to make it appear a simple dream. But it took hold of this sensitive man. It seemed to him, in his excited state, like a message from heaven. He rose, dressed himself, and went down to the house of Dr. Hudson. Perhaps his mother had expected him, for she met him at the door and led him in to Agnes.

All Ralph's pride and anger broke down at sight of that poor stricken face. He could have cursed himself that he had ever been angry with her for a moment. He went to the bedside and lifted her head to his bosom, and put his face down to hers.

"My darling! my sister!" he cried, "Agnes, look up at me! I love you still!" She seemed dimly to comprehend, for she smiled and put her weak arms around his neck, and lying there on his bosom she fell asleep.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE return of Agnes to the Rock gave Imogene Ireton an excuse for visiting there. During the summer she came over quite frequently, always making some errand of the plea.

She was as beautiful and fascinating as ever, and it was not long before she tried her power on Ralph Trenholme. It was impossible to be in her society without feeling her magnetic influence, and then the sympathy she gave him was so very delicate, so entirely suited to his needs. He wondered he had not before discovered what a refinement of feeling she possessed. She made him understand without telling him that she pitied him; made him feel that his sufferings were more than the whole world.

Mrs. Trenholme looked on in secret admiration, Agnes with a half defined smile of dread for which she could not account.

Imogene professed to be terribly superstitious and could not be prevailed upon to spend the night at the Rock on any occasion. But one day a storm set in while she was there and it raged so furiously that it was unsafe to attempt reaching home, and she was obliged to remain. She was strangely nervous and restless all the evening.

She forgot to smile when Ralph spoke to her, and played chess so badly that he put away the board in disgust. Imogene begged to be allowed to sleep with Agnes. It was such a fearful night, she said, and the old house was so lonely.

To reach the chamber of Agnes they had to pass the door of the room where Marina had been murdered. Imogene grew ashen pale as they approached it, and clutched the arm of her companion with something like terror. Agnes stopped and looked at her with anxiety.

"What is it, Imogene? Are you ill?" The question acted on Imogene like a shock of electricity. She laughed loudly. "No! Not I. Only a little nervous. This old house is enough to give one the tremors, with its gloomy corridors and its formidable dark closets."

"I did not know but you might be thinking of the murder which was done in that room," said Agnes; "but I never saw Marina. The dead never come back."

"Don't they? I tell you, Agnes Trenholme, they do!" There was something so mysteriously fearful in the voice in which she spoke, but the next moment she said in her own clear tones, "At least some people think so."

Agnes had clasped since the murder of Marina, when Mrs. Trenholme ventured to speak to her son of what lay in her heart. Ralph had been very kind to her that day, more like his old self than he had been since the

tragedy. She put her hand on his and spoke a little timidly.

"Ralph, you once intended to marry to please yourself; I wish you would really marry to please me!" He smiled a little sadly and touched her hair caressingly.

"So you have not quite given up the old project, mother mine! Well, I will think of it. I love no one. I shall not easily love again."

"And Imogene loves you, my son; I think it no more than honorable that you should give her the benefit of your name. With such a woman for a wife, love will surely come. Trust me for it."

He kissed the lips that were so near his own.

"Mother, I will try to gratify you. I will ask Miss Ireton to be my wife." Mrs. Trenholme's face flushed rapturously. Her lifelong wish would be gratified. Her only son, the pride of her heart, would be the husband of the most beautiful and nobly-born woman in that part of the state.

That night, Ralph sat by the side of Miss Ireton. He was pale and calm—nothing of the nervous expectancy that characterizes the doubtful lover. He took her hand in his and spoke very quietly.

"Miss Ireton, you know my sad history. You know of the blight that fell upon my life a little more than a year ago, and knowing what you do, will you be my wife?"

She looked into his cool eyes, and saw that he did not love her. And she had given him so much! All the homage of her impassioned soul! She flushed crimson and set her white teeth hard. It was cruel to be won in that cold way; but anything to be near him. She would have been happy as his dog, if she could have been no more to this man she loved so fervently. She put her hand into his.

"I will be your wife," she said, as coolly as he had spoken.

He touched the jeweled fingers with his lips and placed upon one of them a diamond—the betrothal ring.

All that night Imogene Ireton tossed restlessly on her bed. Her ambition, at last, was to be satisfied—she was to be Ralph Trenholme's wife; but his love, for which she would have given her soul, was not to be hers.

"He shall love me!" she cried, passionately. "I will win him! Good heavens! why is he so much unlike other men that my beauty has no attraction for him? Can it be that I am hideous in his eyes?"

They were married in the first week of January. There was no parade—not even a bridesmaid, save Agnes Trenholme. The old house at the Rock shook opposed all display. She would have no wedding party, no bridal tour.

A terrible storm swept over Portlea the night after Ralph took home a wife. Its like had not been known on the coast since that fearful storm when the foreign ship had been wrecked outside the harbor, and the waves had cast Marina up at the feet of Ralph Trenholme. The old house at the Rock shook with the force of the tempest, the very foundations trembled, the roar of the waves on the rocks below was perfectly deafening. Imogene paced her chamber all the night through; she could not sleep, she said—a storm like this always made her restless.

## CHAPTER IX.

THREE weeks after her wedding, Imogene Trenholme was missing. She had dined with the family, and was in her usual health and spirits. At tea the bell had fallen to bring her down, and the girl that went to her room said she was not there. The family felt little uneasiness until night fell, and then she did not return they became seriously alarmed. Search began, and was continued through the next day, and far into the night; but no clue to the missing woman could be found.

Ralph came home towards daybreak to find himself upon the couch for an hour's sleep, and when he awoke his wife slept by his side. He started up and looked at her, almost doubting his own senses. How very beautiful she was, her mouth with the just parted scarlet lips, showing the pearls within, one exquisite arm under her head, and the long eyelashes curving upward from the glowing cheek. Ralph touched her hand and she awoke.

"Imogene!" he said sternly, "will you explain this problem to me? Here have I been searching for you these four-and-twenty hours and more, and now I find you calmly asleep, without a single word to me to relieve my anxiety. Where have you been?"

"I have been away. I was called away on business."

"On business? Very well. What was the nature of that business?"

"It was a private matter which concerns no one but myself," she replied, a little haughtily.

"Private business! Imogene, a wife should have no secrets from her husband! I do not wish to pry into your affairs, but it will be better to confide this thing to me at once."

"I have nothing that I can confide."

"This is very singular, Imogene. I

warn you that the like of this must not occur again. If it does, I shall be severely displeased. Mark you that! My wife must not subject herself to vulgar remark."

"We will pass the subject if you please," she said, in such a manner that he did not resume it.

As the time passed Ralph Trenholme grew cold and reticent. All his old geniality seemed to have died out of him. He was never cross, but he was not affectionate. He did not kiss his mother and Agnes as he was wont, and though he treated his wife with the most punctilious respect, she was to him no dearer than any other woman.

Strange stories were afloat among the servants and at last they reached the ears of the master. At first they excited only his indignation. He regarded them merely as silly inventions of the elderly butler, who was of Celtic origin, and most ridiculously superstitious. They said that at night the doors of the chamber where Marina had died were heard to open and shut; that ghostly feet paced back and forth across the floor, and that sometimes late at night pale, spectral lights gleamed from the dusky windows, far out through the gloom.

Mrs. Trenholme was greatly distressed by these tales, and Ralph positively forbade the discussion of the subject at any time in the house. He would not encourage such foolish superstition, he said, indignantly. But soon he was forced to acknowledge that there was something at work beside imagination. He was detained until late one night in his study, which was in the east wing of the house, and only a little distance from the chamber of blood. Through the dead silence came distinctly to his ear the sound of a door being opened, a door which creaked upon its hinges, like one long disused.

He remembered, with a half-suppressed shudder, that the door of that chamber creaked.

He sprang up, seized the lamp and hurried to the place. The door, which had always been kept locked since the tragedy, was ajar. He entered the chamber and stood appalled by what he saw. In the center of the room, standing just where the dark spot on the carpet showed that there the crime had been done, was a tall, white figure, its head enveloped in something misty and white, its right arm extended toward the empty chair where she last sat!

For a moment Ralph stood still with amazement, but only for a moment. He was a man of nerve, and he reached forward to seize upon the apparition—to determine whether it belonged to the world of shadows or of flesh and blood. But at the first step a rush of air, cold as that from an inclosed tomb, swept over him, extinguishing his light.

The place was dark as Erebus. He heard a faint, shivering sigh at his very elbow, then the soft closing of a distant door, and all was still. He groped his way out of the dreadful place, got another light, and went up to his wife's chamber. She was sleeping soundly, and he did not disturb her, but sat down to think over the strange thing he had witnessed. But the more he thought the more clouded his mind became. He could find no reasonable solution of the mystery, and by-and-by he fell asleep. When he awoke Imogene was gone. He knew at once that she had left the house, for a note directed in her hand to himself lay on the table. He tore it open and read:

"Mr. Trenholme—Again I am called away. Business may keep me absent a couple of days. You need make no search."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PRACTICAL ANARCHISM.

Michael Braun Destroys Property to Spite the Rich.

Practical anarchism could be seen at work in the house of Mrs. Mary M. Bryson of New York recently. Mrs. Bryson engaged a man named Michael Braun to varnish the furniture, and she agreed to pay him \$4 a day. According to the story which Mrs. Bryson told the magistrate of the Yorkville police court Braun destroyed property in her house to the value of over \$1,000 and he had no other apparent motive but his hatred of the rich and his principles of anarchism. He is charged with mutilating a valuable oil painting entitled "The Holy Family."

It is alleged that he cut off the arm of the Virgin, represented in the painting, and slashed the figure of the child Christ in a way that suggested his desire to show his hatred of things religious. He is a small man, with low forehead. Mrs. Bryson told the magistrate that she and her sister lived alone in the house, and became alarmed at the presence of the man, who continued his work of polishing. She said that when they addressed a remark to him he would reply in vile language, and they would be obliged to seek the seclusion of their rooms. He had complete run of the house. When spoken to on Aug. 6 he answered with an oath. A few moments later they saw him leave the house, and, going upstairs, discovered the mutilation of the picture. He has been arrested.

Hard to Suit.

"I guess you didn't sell no pants to that man that just went out, did you? That's the hardest feller to suit I most ever see. Him an' me boards at the same place. He wouldn't eat his pigs this mornin' 'cause they was both fried on one side; he wanted one fried on one side an' one on the other. Why wouldn't he take the pants?"

"Stripes all run the same way. Said he wanted 'em to run down one leg and up the other."

Little alligators are admired as drawing-room pets in some of the fashionable houses of Paris.

## LAWRENCE APPEALS.

### ABSTRACT OF WOOL-GROWERS' MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS.

The Progress of Wool Industries from the Protective Tariff of 1819 to the "Culminating Atrocity" of the Democratic Congress of 1894.



From the tariff act of congress of 1819 to that of August 28, 1894, in numerous acts the recognized policy of the government was to encourage sheep husbandry by duties more or less protective. The wool tariff act of March 2, 1867, gave adequate protection to our chief wool product under conditions then existing. Under it the prices of wool were fairly remunerative. (Sheep increased from 28,477,951 in 1870, producing 100,102,387 pounds of wool, to 50,626,626 in 1884, producing 308,000,000 pounds. In four years, from January, 1880, to January, 1884, sheep increased in number 24 per cent.

But unfortunately the duties on wools were reduced by the tariff act of March 3, 1883. Under it sheep declined in number from 50,626,626 in 1884, with a wool clip of 308,000,000 pounds, to only 43,431,136 in 1891, producing 255,000,000 pounds.

In view of the injury resulting from the reduction, the tariff act of October 1, 1890, known as the McKinley law, was passed, intended by congress to give "full and adequate protection to the wool industry." The bill as originally reported from the committee on ways and means by its chairman, Mr. McKinley, was much more protective than the bill as finally passed into the act of 1890.

One of the modifications of the original bill was made at the urgent demand of a few, and only a few, of the carpet manufacturers of Philadelphia. But the bill and the law as enacted contained three fatal and ruinous defects:

1. The first was the provision known as "the skirting clause," the effect of which was, in practice, to reduce the protective benefits of the prescribed duties by nearly one-half.

But the real purpose of the wool tariff provision of the McKinley act, and the protective benefits intended thereby to be given, alike by Mr. McKinley and by those generally who voted for the bill, were in a large measure defeated by another defect—the ad valorem duties on class 3 wools.

The original bill as reported provided for specific duties; the change to ad valorem duties was secured by some carpet manufacturers, as stated. This feature of the law operated ruinously to wool growers by increasing immensely the imports of class 3 wools, which to a large extent were used in the manufacture of clothing goods, thus supplanting the use of merino wools and the long wools of the mutton breeds of sheep. The ruin of the ad valorem

duties was immensely aggravated by the unforeseen, unexpected vast imports of China wools—a source of very recent supply.

There was a third defect in the law not generally understood by wool-growers—probably not generally, if at all, by members of congress who voted for the bill—the failure to make a provision to meet the light shrinkage in scouring of Australasian wools, as compared with other merino wools of all or nearly all other countries, including our own.

The real purpose of the wool tariff provisions of the McKinley act was in large measure defeated by a fourth cause—unforeseen when the law was passed—unexpected—which no human foresight could anticipate—which arose after it was passed.

This was the decline in the prices of wools all over the world since that act was passed, caused (1) in part by a vast increase in sheep, and (2) in less degree by the general decline in nearly

all values as a result of the gold standard of values.

Another one of the conditions arising since the McKinley bill became a law was:

Improved methods of manufacture, by which third-class or so-called carpet wools were, as they now are, used in the manufacture of clothing goods, thus supplanting the use of merino wools and the long wools of the mutton breeds of sheep.

And the immense increased imports of those third-class wools exceeding in quantity those of both other classes combined at unprecedentedly low prices.

And China opened up a new supply of those, so that in the fiscal year 1895 the enormous quantity of 26,089,418 pounds were imported, at an import price of only 5.15 cents per pound.

And these, by reason of their light shrinkage of less than 40 per cent in scouring, were equal to and displaced 46,800,000 pounds of ordinary unwashed merino.

In the memorial presented to congress at the close of last year will be found the draft of three bills for the consideration of congress:

One intended to embody the tariff provisions understood to be asked for in the memorial as those deemed absolutely necessary to secure fair prices for wool, and secure success for sheep husbandry.

One in aid of instruction in textile industries.

One intended as a temporary expedient in case the bill deemed necessary should be met with a veto.

Wool growers scattered all over the country, unable fully to present in organized action their real wishes, are profoundly impressed with the belief that they have suffered a great wrong by inadequate protection and by free wool. Though they cannot appear in person in large numbers, they are not the less earnest—emphatically earnest—in their appeal for adequate protection, and their purpose by political action to use all just and honorable means to secure their objects.

It cannot be supposed they will quietly acquiesce in any measure short of this. Wool manufacturers, few in numbers, have great advantages over wool growers in the capacity to concentrate their efforts and present their views to congress.

A majority of the senate is understood to favor adequate protection for the wool industry. With too many persons who endeavor to create the impression that no wool tariff bill will be passed "the wish is father to the thought."

Of course those members of the senate who are opposed to the protective policy or those who profess to favor it but deem delay advisable, if any such there be, may throw obstacles in the way of the speedy passage of a protective tariff bill.

But with profound respect for all such, and with great deference, it is now earnestly urged that the need of speedy action to secure protective legislation, especially for sheep husbandry, is urgent, and a failure to secure it will work irretrievable injury to vast interests all over the country.

Wool growers will not falter in their purpose by unexpected obstacles thrown in their way, but will in all proper methods urge the justice of their requests. The following is from the proceedings of the house of representatives, December 9, 1895, as found in the Congressional Record, page 97:

Mr. Danford. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to present a memorial from the National Wool Growers' Association of the United States and others asking the passage of an act providing for protective duties on wool, and for other purposes. I ask that the same may be printed, and referred to the committee on ways and means when appointed.

Mr. McMillin. Does the gentleman propose to have simply the memorial printed, or the accompanying bundle of papers which we see in front of us?

Mr. Danford. Just the memorial, and the papers accompanying it.

Mr. McMillin. It is a pretty voluminous document, it seems to me, to go into the Record.

Mr. Danford. I do not ask that it go into the Record. It is subject to the objection of any member of the house.

Mr. Crisp. I object.

The Speaker. The gentleman from Tennessee objects.

Mr. Richardson. No; I do not object.

The Speaker. The gentleman from Tennessee—

Mr. McMillin. The gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Crisp) objects.

Mr. Danford. It is not my purpose to have it printed in the Record.

The Speaker. Objection is made.

Mr. Danford. Then I withdraw the memorial.

The following is from the Congressional Record, proceedings of the senate, December 10, 1895:

Mr. Sherman. I present a petition of the National Wool Growers' Association and others, with accompanying papers, praying for protective legislation for the sheep industry. As it is the petition of an association of great national importance, I move that it be printed and referred to the committee on finance.

The motion was agreed to.

For the convenience of those who may have occasion to examine the volume, a table of contents, with synopsis of the memorial and chapters, are subjoined thereto, and an index will be found in the appropriate place.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE, President of the National Wool Growers' Association.

Having straightened out the Bible, the emancipated women might now do something for the cookbook. — New York Press.

## Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

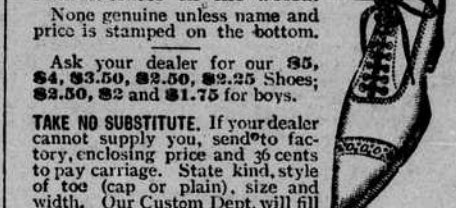
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## Unanimous Choice

The New York Morning Journal recently offered ten leading makes of bicycles as prizes in a guessing contest, giving the winners free choice of any one of the ten machines. The result was ALL of the ten winners selected

## Columbia Bicycles

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